

SUBLIME FAITH IN ST. ANN CURES THE SICK WHEN DOCTORS FAIL.

Bridget McAuley Suffers No More from Her Headaches.

Madeleine Havet's Earaches Leave Her After She Has Fervently Prayed.



At the relief of St. Ann, in the little Church of St. Jean Baptiste, the line of the faithful who come every day to kneel in adoration lengthens immensely. The scariest lights an infinity of wax tapers, the vicars recite pater noster endlessly. The Sisters of the Congregation of Notre Dame answer questions, give advice, sell objects of pious art. They have little time for meditation nowadays.

They are resigned. The novena to St. Ann came to its end on July 26, her calendar fete day, and already the prayers that she granted all this material existence with gratitude, hope and joy. In an hour in the line of worshippers one could count yesterday four persons who were infirm on the first day of the novena and are without an ill now.

The Sisters of the Congregation of Notre Dame have not a trouble more intense than to restrain expressions of enthusiasm. "Take care!" says Sister Therese, her face splendidly placid in its frame of lily white linen; "take care not to offend St. Ann by chanting her praise immoderately, and beware of falling into the ugly sin of vanity by seeking to be praised for an accomplishment that the solidity of your faith provoked."

But the hearts of the cured are overflowing. They talk of Bridget McAuley, a servant in the Murray Hill Hotel, twenty-six years of age, not married, said that she had suffered tortures from headache at irregular intervals in a decade. The physicians had given all the medicines to her and produced not the slightest impression on the malady. She said:

Her Headaches Gone. "I had suffered for so long that I felt certain I was never to be well. But some of my friends said that I should go to Lourdes, and I had an idea that I might go on one of the pilgrimages of the Church. I was saving money to do that. But my friend, Mary Hart, heard of my novena, and told me how kind the good St. Ann was to those who prayed at the relic."

"I came here a long time before the novena began. It began July 17, and I came here in March. I made a special novena, then attending mass and burning tapers for nine days. I confessed and went to communion on the last day of my novena. Then you cannot imagine how I felt. It was as if a great weight had been taken off my heart."

"I had a slight attack on July 16, but I came here the next day and followed the church's novena. I am cured. I know. There is no danger. I am sure, of my falling back into the malady. Oh, it was so painful! Whenever it came I could do nothing. I had to go to bed at once and make my pillow as comfortable to the pain as I could. Oh, good St. Ann has cured me!"

Mrs. Alice Landredy, seventy years old, a Canadian, who lives at Ridgewood, N. Y., said she had been cured of paralysis. It

NIGHT CLERK ROBS THE HOTEL SAFE.

Takes Money and Jewels, Locks All the Doors and Decamps.

Atlantic City, July 28.—The two score or more of guests of the Willard, a small hotel at the corner of Kentucky and Pacific avenues, awoke this morning to find themselves poorer by several hundred dollars than they were when they retired last night. The money, together with a goodly quantity of valuable jewelry, which had been placed in the hotel safe for security during the night, had passed into the hands of the night clerk, Charles H. Jeans, and that enterprising young man had disappeared.

Before leaving he destroyed the combination of the safe and carefully locked all of the outer doors of the hotel, the keys of which he retained, thus practically imprisoning the inmates. K 226

When Messrs. Harris and Moore, the proprietors of the hotel, succeeded late this morning in getting the safe open and discovered how it had been looted, Clerk Jeans had secured a good start over any possible pursuit. The management has guaranteed to make good all losses to the guests amounting to \$500.

Young Jeans came to the hotel some six weeks ago and was somewhat lionized by both the management and the guests, owing to the fact that he was armed with recommendations from Captain John D. Hart, the noted filibuster, with whom he claimed to have served on one of the Bermuda many surreptitious trips to Cuba prior to the declaration of war. He also claimed to be a son of E. M. Jeans, president of the Lamartine Insurance Company, of Liverpool, England, and a member of a wealthy family.

For several days past he talked of making an early return to his English home, and in order to secure the whereabouts of the trip he impressed upon the guests the



To These Has the Relic of St. Ann Brought Healing.

was a partial paralysis, localized in the left leg, and it came after an attack in the heat of August, 1890, which she supposed was an attack of vertigo. At her age the resources of science are not very effective. Industrious, alert, accustomed to run among the vegetable and the flower patches, she found herself suddenly condemned to immobility.

She Almost Despaired. "I thought," she said, "I should have to stay for many years on a long chair, unable to do anything for myself or for others. But the paralysis went out of my arms and remained only in my left leg. Then I walked a few crutches. Oh, how I hated those crutches! I could not endure their weight. I could not learn how to be at ease with them."

"Somebody told me that the relic of St. Ann achieved wonders. I had no doubt that a miracle would cure me if I prayed earnestly to the relic. Because, you know, prayer is powerful if it is sincere. There are persons who pray with their lips and expect to be heard. They ought to pray with the heart. I came here on the first day of the novena, and attended all the time. On the last day of the novena I had been listening to Father Howe preaching, and I had been carried to the altar. There was no thought in me of my paralyzed leg and of the favor that I was asking of the good St. Ann. My crutches were in that pew there, in the third row at the

necessity of depositing their valuables in the safe over night if they would guard against possible robbery.

They took her advice, much to their present sorrow. J. B. Duff, a New York Thoron, is missing \$200. M. J. Danham, of Philadelphia, loses \$115 and considerable jewelry. D. J. Carter, of Washington, loses \$85. W. L. Blumberg, of Wheeling, is out \$85, and various other guests lose smaller amounts. The hotel loss is \$250. It is believed that the fugitive clerk made for New York, and probably sailed for England on the Campana at 2 o'clock this afternoon. The New York police have been notified and a reward offered for his capture.

COUNT DE TURIN RETURNING HERE.

He Leaves Newport for New York Tonight—Breakers Ready for the Vanderbilts.

Newport, R. I., July 28.—Prince Victor Emmanuel, Count de Turin, was the guest of honor at a luncheon given this afternoon by Mrs. N. D. Clapp, the guests being mostly young people.

To-night a dinner, followed by a dance, for which elaborate favors were provided, was given in honor of the royal visitor, by Mr. and Mrs. W. Fitzhugh Whitehouse, at Eastbourne Lodge. There were twenty guests at dinner and later a hundred or more young people arrived to participate in the dance. The Prince danced the opening dance with the hostess.

To-morrow night, after dining at White Lodge with Lippisard Stewart, he will leave for New York, where he will spend several days prior to taking a trip across the continent.

Chamney M. Depew has gone to New York to meet Cornelius Vanderbilt and family, who are expected from Europe on Friday night or early Saturday morning. The Vanderbilts will come to Newport at once, the Breakers being in readiness for them.

TRYING TO SAVE A TWO-POUND BABY.

Efforts are being made at the Newark City Hospital to keep life in the body of the two-pound baby boy which was received there last Monday. If heat, nourishment and patient attention can accomplish the purpose the tiny piece of humanity will live.

Dr. Sherman bound it up in cotton and placed it in an incubator. The baby has been carefully fed and watched and has thrived. It is believed that it will live.

Mrs. Landredy Left Her Paralysis Behind in the Church.

John Thibaut's Withered Hand Restored When He Prayed for It.



left. I was not thinking of them. I stayed there. Everybody was at the front door already, and I was still seated there, thinking of nothing in this world, I am sure.

"Suddenly I rose. I walked to the relic, bent over it and kissed it. Then I began to walk through the aisle. I had not my crutches. They had remained in the pew. Nobody paid any attention to me. I rushed to the Sisters and cried. I said: 'Now, don't get excited. Take your crutches with you. Perhaps you will need them.' Indeed, I didn't need them. I am as well as I ever was."

Earache Disappears, Too. Madeleine Havet, twelve years of age, whose mother has a millinery store in Fulton street, Brooklyn, had earaches and weak eyes since her infancy. "My ears troubled me ever since I can remember anything," she said yesterday. "I could not go anywhere without cotton in them. Then there was a doctor for them always. How the things he put in them hurt! Oh, earache is worse than toothache! Well, mamma said I had to come to the relic of the good St. Ann."

"I didn't want to come, because my ears were not aching very much then, and I was afraid they couldn't be cured without aching. But I came with Lizzie Hanold, whose father knows the pastor here. Twice a day she took me to the novena. I prayed with all my heart and burned tapers. I haven't had an earache since the first day I came to the novena. Oh, how much I wanted to be cured!"

"I would put my ears on the glass that covers the relic and keep them there for half an hour at a time. 'Then I would press my eyes on the glass and pray. Now the doctor at the hospital who treated me so long said today there was no more trouble with my ears or my eyes.'"

John Thibaut, a carpenter, fifty-five years old, said: "I live on West Broadway, near Third street, in that house where you see the sign of the wooden shoes and goloshes. I had a hand as pale as that of a dead person. The fingers on it had grown rigid. I could hardly bend them. The trouble came from a wound which I got in the war of France with those savage Prussians in 1870."

"The surgeon thought my hand had been poisoned by a bad bullet. He wanted it cut off. I wouldn't consent to that. But it has been a great annoyance to me to have fingers so rigid. Recently they would not work. So I came to the Church of St. Jean Baptiste."

"I had always been a man of religion. I knew that the good St. Ann could cure me if she wished. And you see I am cured. My two hands are alike."

While he extended his hands to show they were of the same complexion Father Pettit came, saying: "Do not speak too loudly of these things. It is well to know the power of faith, but know it in the privacy of your heart. Take care, Thibaut, that your cure be not ephemeral." The hair of Father Pettit made a crown of glory for his words were so fervent, his face was gentle and kind. Jean Thibaut smiled. Father Pettit said that his aim was only to develop faith. He paid little heed to the apparent, material advantages of it.

WHITELAW REID KURTIN RUNAWAY.

Banker Duval's Daughter Also Injured in a Similar Mishap.

Whitelaw Reid was driving a pair of horses in a buckboard yesterday morning to catch the 11 o'clock train from White Plains for this city. Passing his stable Mr. Reid turned to place the whip in the socket whence he had removed it to clear the overhanging hand. He loosened his hold on the reins and the horses turned sharply toward the stable, turning over the buckboard.

Mr. Reid and his coachman were pinned under the wreck. The coachman's leg was broken and Mr. Reid was cut and bruised about the body, face and head. After having his injuries dressed Mr. Reid caught a later train.

Miss Natalie Duval, daughter of H. R. Duval, the millionaire banker, of No. 26 West Twenty-first street, was driving at Bay Shore yesterday morning. The wheels of her carriage struck those of another vehicle. The rear end of the two frightened horses started several others which bolted. Miss Duval and her maid were thrown out. The former escaped with a fright and a few scratches, but the maid was badly cut about the neck and face. The wagon was demolished, and the runaway horse was so badly cut that he had to be shot.

Assassin's Sister Seeks Divorce.

Chicago, July 28.—Mrs. Frances Norton, the authoress and sister to President Garfield's slayer, has filed suit at St. Joseph, Mich., for a divorce. She charges her husband, W. A. Norton, with desertion. Mrs. Norton's first husband was Anthony George Seville, who defended Charles Guiteau, and from whom she secured a divorce soon after the famous trial.

Do You Advertise?

Advertisers want results—experience has told them the Sunday Journal the great advertising medium. \$50 "Wants" gained last Sunday.

LINCOLN'S PLAN LIKE ARMOUR'S.

National Linseed Oil Company Turns Over Flaxseed Trades to Him.

AT 83 CENTS A BUSHEL. Opposed the Combination, Was Beaten at First, but Yesterday Came Out Victorious.

Chicago, July 28.—The National Linseed Oil Company, capitalized for \$18,000,000 and in control of thirty-five mills scattered all over the country, is in trouble. It may possibly escape making an assignment, as it is supposed to be a resourceful corporation, but even its officers admit that it has been very hard hit.

The company to-day transferred all its open trades in flaxseed on the Board of Trade to Albert Dickinson & Co., and thereby confessed inability to meet further margin calls.

The listed stock of the concern dropped on the Stock Exchange from 11 1/4 to 4 and recovered two points on the expressed belief of the company's officials that they would be able to tide over the present embarrassment. The situation in which the National Linseed Oil Company finds itself, however, is very much the same as that which caused young Mr. Leiter to quit dealing in wheat a short time ago.

The National Linseed Oil Company set out some time ago to control the world's price on its particular staple, flaxseed. Just as Joe Leiter attempted to set the price on wheat, Albert Dickinson played the role in the flaxseed deal that Phil Armour did in wheat. He opposed the combination. For a time, like Armour, he was worsted, but in the end came out victorious, for to-day the great corporation turned over all its flaxseed trades to him at 83 cents a bushel, the statement to be made of the balances.

The Trust known as the National Linseed Oil Company, not satisfied with controlling all the plants making linseed oil, tried to corral all the flaxseed in the country, with the result of bringing it near the verge of ruin.

The news from Chicago on the transfer of the Linseed Oil Company's flaxseed trades started a selling movement in the stock, which carried it down 5 1/2 points to 4, a drop from 15 since Monday.

The insiders, knowing the condition of affairs, began to liquidate early in the week, compelling the less fortunate outsiders to take "hot" luck in the falling market of yesterday to realize what they could on their shares.

The Trust bought all the flaxseed in sight. The warehouses of the Trust are fairly bursting with 1,000,000 bushels of it. The movement to control the flaxseed market began last summer.

The first few lots were purchased under \$1 per bushel, but before the large stock it now has on hand was secured the price advanced to \$1.25 a bushel. Holding the market in order to realize a profit, all outside buyers were frightened out. The estimate for the new crop is from 3,000,000 to 4,000,000 bushels in excess of requirements.

Naturally there was a break in the market, which culminated in a sudden drop of 8 cents a bushel yesterday. The company cannot meet its margin calls.

THEY INHERIT A PECK OF TROUBLE. Bank President's Sisters Wish to Be Rid of an Alleged Fraudulent Trust Deed.

When William H. Curtis, president of the Essex County National Bank, of Newark, died two years ago his sisters, Hannah and Catherine Curtis, became his heirs, and their inheritance has brought them into court in proceedings over a trust deed involving securities valued at \$75,000.

The securities in question, it is alleged, were transferred by Mrs. Rena P. Crossley to Curtis, to be held in trust by him, his executors, administrators and assigns forever. The deed was drawn up by Lawyer Henry B. Taylor several months before Curtis's death. Mrs. Crossley alleges that she signed it under the belief that it was a codicil to her will.

Under the trust deed the income from the securities was to be collected by Curtis and paid to Mrs. Crossley during her life, and thereafter to her husband, Thomas B. Crossley. Her four nephews are the ultimate beneficiaries.

The Misses Curtis have brought action to be relieved from the duties of the trust.

LORD WINCHELSEA DENIES HIS FEE.

Declares Through Counsel That Hooley's Story of a \$50,000 Douceur Is a Falsity.

London, July 28.—In the House of Commons to-morrow Mr. Robert Ascroft, Conservative Member for Oldham, of which place he is the president of the Law Association, will ask Mr. Balfour, as the Government leader, whether, in view of the relations made by Ernest Terah Hooley, the company he had formed, in the Bankruptcy Court, as to payments made to peers and others, the Government, at the next session of Parliament, will appoint a committee to consider means for protecting company investors.

Counsel for the Earl of Winchester, in a letter published in the Standard, has made a formal denial of the statement made by Hooley that he had paid the Earl \$50,000 for acting as chairman of one of the bicycle tube manufacturing concerns.

GRANDNIECE OF WADSWORTH WEDS.

Hamilton Willis, of Boston, Marries the Lake Poet's Relative.

(Copyright, 1893, by W. R. Hearst.) London, July 28.—Hamilton Willis, of Boston, and Ethel Margaret Wordsworth, of London, were married this afternoon at St. James's Cathedral Church. The bride is the daughter of the late Mr. Wordsworth. The service was a short one, the only music being the wedding march from Lohengrin, played while the couple were signing the register, and Mendelssohn's march, played while they were leaving the church.

The bride was given away by H. M. Draper, formerly of New York. The bridesmaids were Pauline Willis, a sister of the bridegroom; Gwendolyn Amy Draper and Alice Mayor. A reception was held at the home of the bride's mother, Mrs. G. Ashley Gardiner, S. W. The honeymoon will be passed in Norway.

Volleyers Over Captain Gilmore's Grave.

West Point, July 28.—With military honors Captain R. H. Gilman, who was fatally wounded while storming the heights of San Juan, was buried to-day. The body was brought up the Hudson on a detachment of cavalry marched ahead of the caisson. A detachment of cavalry marched ahead of the caisson, on which rested Captain Gilman's body. Three volleys were fired over the grave.

She Broke Her Cross

WHAT INSPIRED HER TO DO THE DEED.

The Book That Gave Her the Courage and Strength to Do It.

Here is a case of a very charming young woman of Central Ohio, who had grace, beauty and wit to commend her. Just as she was budding into womanhood a cloud came to darken her life. Her troubles weighed so heavily upon her that for a long time she would not—could not leave her house. She used to receive her friends stretched on a couch or leaning back in an invalid chair. And her friends were many. She was quoted as an example of Christian courage. She referred to her condition as "her cross," and every one thought how brave and good she was.



to bear her burden with such fortitude. One by one her girl friends were joined to the men of their choice. She sent them all presents and received from each a piece of wedding cake, which she cried over a little, and didn't put under her pillow, because it wasn't any good for her to dream. No man could marry her. A life of solitary suffering was hers. Yet her sad smile only got brighter as her cross got heavier. One day a young man found his way into that home, looking upon this girl, he loved her. And so he came often, and she grew to look for him, and learned to lean on him, and dreamed the pretty dreams that come to pure women whose hearts God has fashioned for pure love. But over all the prospect was the shadow of her cross.

"It could never be, never be!" She said it over and over again to herself many a night as the tears slipped down her face. Then she got to saying: "If it could only be! If it could only be!" And she said this many times day and night. One day she lay on the sofa and began to say, "It shall be!"

"IT SHALL BE!" "I'll break this cross to pieces or I'll die trying." And then she looked around for help. And by chance or providence there came into her hands a book—the book whose title and contents are referred to below. It appealed to her. Common sense was what she needed. She realized now that she had eyes, hands, organs, dimensions like her girl friends, who were matrons and mothers. She realized that it was not common sense that she should be born to be crushed by her cross.

Life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness were her inalienable rights, and she wanted the full rights of her womanhood. It was common sense she needed. She had tried all the uncommon, extraordinary and extravagant forms of treatment; now she wanted less medicine and more common sense. It was thus she began the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. The rest of the story sounds like a fairy story. But it is only like a fairy story in that it ends amid the merry clang of marriage bells and with their lived happy ever afterward.

It seemed a miracle to her friends to see this martyr, this patient cross bearer, get up from her sofa and begin to live. It was more strange when she took to golf, and the wheel, and tennis, with all the ardor of one so long excluded from outdoor enjoyment. And strangest of all that she became the mother of healthy, happy children. This is not a fairy story. It is the story of thousands of women. It is a composite picture, in which one can trace face behind face, lined with suffering, channeled by tears. It is a story as true as the parable of the Prodigal Son, which was not the story of one young man, but the story of the type which repeats itself generation after generation, and is as common to Europe as to Asia, to Africa as to America.

IS IT YOUR STORY? Your story either in whole or in part? There's hope for you. There's help for you. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription has cured so many cases where life was a daily burden, under which the weak and weary body staggered to the grave, that it can be recommended with the utmost assurance in every case of female disorders. Dr. Pierce's treatment is based on practical common sense. There is no need of personal interviews, of local treatments, of offensive examinations. The Doctor's wide experience in a practice of thirty years as chief consulting physician to the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute of Buf-

falo, N. Y., the successful treatment of more than a quarter of million of cases, has given him ample opportunity to observe every form of female disorder, with all the varying symptoms attending such diseases. This extended practice and experience has put him far in advance of all other specialists in female diseases. There are no complications of disorders that can evade his keen diagnosis, no singularity of symptom that can baffle his keen analysis. This is not remarkable. It is the natural result of special study, special facilities and special gifts. The natural result of years spent in the treatment of one class of diseases. And these years of observation and study have borne as their fruit (in part) the "Favorite Prescription." In the majority of cases the cause of the disease is the same, though symptoms vary. Dr. Pierce goes to the cause. His "Favorite Prescription," from its first dose, begins the work of recuperating the system drained by waste, putting the body on a fighting footing with disease. Just as the walls of Jerusalem were



rebuilt by men with a sword in one hand and a trowel in the other, so in building up the body Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription puts a weapon into the one hand to fight disease and into the other the materials with which to build up the depleted and debilitated system. For this reason

A CURE RARELY FAILS

to result from the conscientious use of the "Favorite Prescription." Ulceration and inflammation, irregularities, displacements and uterine disorders in general, all yield quickly to the action of this real and radical remedy. As the disease is healed the symptoms pass away, pain in the side, difficult breath, floating specks before the eyes, nausea, weariness and melancholy. The appetite returns, the blood is vitalized, and life, which was heretofore a mere existence, becomes a hearty, happy condition, every day of which records that "something attempered, something done, has earned a night's repose."

Dr. Pierce's treatment is of the utmost benefit to young women, and especially to those contemplating marriage. The "Favorite Prescription" is the best possible preparation for the serious functional changes that come with the obligations of wedlock. But it is the wife who has suffered who is londest in praise of Dr. Pierce's medicines. She knows the misery of that dread period of waiting which precedes the baby's coming. She knows the agonizing doubts and fears, the nausea, the languor, the irritability that precede the event, and the pain and agony lengthening into hours often before the event is consummated. To such as these, the action of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription

IS SIMPLY WONDERFUL. To spend the days preparatory to childbirth in healthy, happy enjoyment of the preparations to welcome the newcomer; to be without nausea, without depression of spirits; to have no anxiety or fear, but a cheerful confidence in the outcome of the event, this is indeed a strange experience. And then when baby comes tripping into the world with practically no pain to the mother, her gratitude increases and finds its climax in her rapid recuperation and the quick resumption of household duties. With a healthy, happy child at her breast, her own heart beating beneath the little lips, that press it, is it any wonder that the mother writes in grateful acknowledgment of the good received from Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription? Sometimes other letters come, letters that tell of the discouragement of some woman who has not promptly received the full benefit desired from the use of the "Favorite Prescription." No letters are received with more satisfaction by Dr. Pierce than these. They are few comparatively, yet they are the outcome of a confidence and a necessity that appeals to the philanthropic as well as the professional spirit. Dr. Pierce invites correspondence in all such cases, and the advice he gives on such cases, free of charge, is followed by the happiest results.

"I take pleasure in writing a few words of praise for Dr. Pierce's valuable medicines, as I have used both the 'Favorite Prescription' and 'Golden Medical Discovery,'" writes Mrs. V. A. Davenport, of Millboro, Bath Co., Va. "On one occasion I took one bottle of 'Favorite Prescription,' which cured me of a bad case of female weakness, attended with an annoying drain. I also took several bottles of 'Golden Medical Discovery' and 'Pleasant Pellets' for cold in the head (or catarrh), and had a very bad cough at the same time, and these medicines relieved me immediately. On another occasion I used six bottles of 'Favorite Prescription' and 'Golden Medical Discovery' after having a miscarriage and severe hemorrhages. I was not able to walk

across the floor without holding on to a chair. My family doctor said I would soon gain strength, but it seemed to me too long. I was very low spirited and began to think I would never get well, but the bright thought came to me that I would take Dr. Pierce's medicines. By the time I had used six bottles I was well and able to do all the work for my family, and I also took in sewing. I can safely say that it was the use of Dr. Pierce's medicines that built me up. Whenever I feel tired and have an 'all gone' feeling from overwork I take one or two bottles of your valuable medicine and it gives me prompt relief, and I can go on with my household duties. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the best 'Woman's Friend' and tonic of all the medicines I have ever tried. It saves doctor bills and I thank God I found relief by its use."

"I am very well at present, and have been for the past four months," writes Mrs. Jennie J. Jackson, of Ferguson's Wharf, Isle of Wight Co., Va. "I have enjoyed better health since taking your medicine than I have since I have been married. I can work hard all day and sleep well all night."

"I was almost gone when I wrote to you three years ago, had womb trouble very badly, but, thank the Lord, I am very well now. The doctor did not have any faith in 'patent medicines,' but he says 'something has done you good.' I tried many different medicines and got no better until I tried Dr. Pierce's medicines. The first bottle gave me ease. I have taken six bottles of 'Favorite Prescription,' six bottles of 'Pellets' and four bottles of Dr. Pierce's Extract of Smartweed, and I feel as well as ever in my life. I am under many obligations to you and send you many thanks. I pray that the Lord will bless you."

"I received Dr. Pierce's book and was very glad to get it. I would not take ten dollars for the book if I thought I could not get another like it. I am well and strong as ever. I thank you kindly for sending it to me and for the trouble you have taken in advising me what to do. Now I am well and can work hard all day and do as much walking as I ever do. I know if I had not taken Dr. Pierce's medicines I could not have lived long, as I was nothing but a skeleton. I was so thin in flesh that it hurt me to lie down. I can never thank you enough for the good you did for me. When I want a liver pill I take Dr. Pierce's Pellets. Please accept my heartfelt thanks. I will never forget the kind letters I received from you."

"I have a little stepdaughter who had St. Vitus's Dance, which your medicine cured," writes Mrs. T. F. Boze, of Ford, Dinwiddie Co., Va. "I spent about twenty dollars for doctors' bills and medicine, and it did not do the child one cent's worth of good. We commenced giving Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and 'Golden Medical Discovery,' and used three bottles of each, which cost only six dollars. Now the child is running around everywhere, and is just as healthy as ever."

TO READERS OF THIS PAPER FREE.

We will send to any reader of this paper who will send postage as below, a copy of the masterpiece of modern medical literature, the "Common Sense Medical Adviser," the life work of Dr. R. V. Pierce. The book contains more than 1,000 pages and over 700 illustrations. It is a book for the family. It must save every family money. It may save any family life. It treats of the vital matters that every mother and every father should know. It opens the door of knowledge for those of either sex contemplating marriage. Send twenty-one (21) one-cent stamps to defray cost of mailing only. If you desire the paper covered edition, or for the same book, handsomely and permanently bound in cloth, send 31 cents in stamps to the World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

\$15 Suits, \$10

About 200 suits in checks, plaids and other fashionable summer styles have been re-marked at \$10. They are from our regular stock, well made and desirable—so desirable that there's only a small quantity of each style, the bulk of each line having been sold. The prices were \$12.50 and \$15. Now \$10 to clear.

Now \$10 of Serges at \$8.50. Nothing like them at anywhere near the price.

E O Thompson's Sons
To-order Clothing 245 Broadway
Ready-made Clothing
Clerical Clothing above Park Place

INGERSOLLS' Quick Turn Sale FISHING TACKLE

at the following prices for remainder of this week
T-B, Block Braided Lined Line, 11c.
Split Shot, 15c.
Crutcher Shot, 15c.
Kibby's Fish Hooks, sizes 1 to 10, price, per dozen, 25c.
Furnished Lines, each 35c., 40c., and 50c.
Jointed Lumber, E. L. not set and stained, 45c.
Bristol Steel Bells, telephone, each \$3.50.
Lizard Gait Leathers, each 90c.
Complete Fishing Guide, tells How, When and Where to fish, special price, each 60c.

Watch Friday evening and Saturday morning papers for prices of our Special Sale of Bicycle Clothing and Shoes.

R. H. INGERSOLL & BRO.,
67 Cortlandt St., N. Y.

Dr. Ricord's Essence of Life
restores manhood and the vigor of youth in four weeks. It is a powerful, yet perfectly safe, remedy. It is a tonic for the blood, and a stimulant for the system. It is a cure for all cases of impotency, and a remedy for all cases of general debility. It is a tonic for the brain, and a stimulant for the nerves. It is a cure for all cases of nervous prostration, and a remedy for all cases of general debility. It is a tonic for the stomach, and a stimulant for the system. It is a cure for all cases of indigestion, and a remedy for all cases of general debility. It is a tonic for the lungs, and a stimulant for the system. It is a cure for all cases of asthma, and a remedy for all cases of general debility. It is a tonic for the heart, and a stimulant for the system. It is a cure for all cases of heart disease, and a remedy for all cases of general debility. It